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fatality, she herself, abandoned, is seized with a veritable frenzy of love, and passes three months in a state of desperation bordering on insanity, while, after a final and even more bitter renewal of their relation, she seems to have grown calm from sheer exhaustion, and presently renewed the even tenor of a way that was to lead her to the position of the respectable and beloved chatelaine of Nohant; while Musset, after a glorious burst of genius in the years immediately following, sank gradually into dissipation and mental and moral decay.

But why, it may be asked, should we trouble ourselves with the loves of these two French people of a bygone day? and the answer is that from it came the most intense expression of poetic passion since the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The emotions of people who could write such words as these are a precious heritage to the world:

And thou, poet, fair flower, I sought to drink thy dew. I have intoxicated myself, poisoned myself, and in a day of anger I sought an antidote that has killed me. Thou wast too suave, too subtle, dear perfume, not to evaporate each time my lips breathed you in. The beautiful flowers of India and China, bending on feeble stalks and yielding to the gentlest breeze it is not from them that one gets beams to build dwelling-places. We quench our thirst in their nectar, we are absorbed in their odor, we fall asleep and we die.

When men and women write letters like this it is no indiscretion to publish the history of their love. B. W. W.

THE COUNTRY OF HORACE AND VERGIL.

M. Gaston Boissier, the genial author of the "Country of Horace and Vergil" (Putnam's, New York), begins his book (of which only the English translation is accessible to me) with the following sympathetic words: "One can not read Horace without longing to be acquainted with that country house in which he was so happy." Such words immediately appeal to all lovers of Horace, of whom so much has been written and of whose works so many translations have been attempted, and give them a zest for further reading, in which they would probably not be disappointed if they should read

the original. These words are characteristic of French sensibilities, and indicate the keen appreciation that is usually found in the writings of this people touching classical subjects. The book is written in a flowing and easy style, and, though light and pleasant, gives ample evidence of scholarship.

Much more space is devoted to Vergil than to Horace, who receives only one hundred and fifteen pages out of a total of three hundred and forty-six, which is very readily accounted for by the greater territory covered by Æneas in his wanderings. In the country of Horace the Sabine house is of prime importance, while in that of the Æneid many places demand attention, such as Ostia, Lavinium, and Laurentum, as well as Sicily.

M. Boissier, for his part, has thus given us a book which will doubtless stimulate some who have long ago left their Horace and Vergil moldering on dusty shelves to take them up again and dream over old college days, when such reading should have proved their pleasantest task. It is a matter of regret that so much can not be said of the English translation, for it is always an unpleasant duty to criticize adversely; but it is, nevertheless, the duty of a reviewer to give an accurate estimate of the work under consideration, so that the public may not be misled. It is not the intention of the present writer to call attention rashly to other reviews of this book, but when a highly and justly esteemed magazine suffers a misleading review to fill its columns some notice should be taken. The reviewer alluded to can hardly be familiar with classical geography when he allows himself to write "Lavinia," the daughter of Latinus and wife of Æneas, for "Lavinium," the city named from her; and "ostium," the entrance-hall of a Roman dwelling-house, for "Ostia," the port at the mouth of the river Tiber. Moreover, while what he says concerning the contents of the book is perfectly true, that he has not read the work with sufficient care to give an accurate idea of the execution in its English dress will be seen from the following criticism.

As I stated at the beginning of this review, it is a matter of regret that the French original is not at hand, for it could then be determined how far the author and how far the translator is responsible for the numerous offensive and unsightly errors, though there are enough for which only the translator can be responsible.

To plunge *in medias res*, the first criticism to be made is that of carelessness in matters of reference. On page 29, ninth line from the top, when speaking of the house and the spring, after the words "each other," the number 3 is placed, presumably for a foot-note, but no foot-note so numbered is given. On page 32 it is said that Horace "somewhere" speaks, etc., a rather indefinite statement for the uninitiated in Horace, and hardly pardonable, when it would have been just as easy to cite "*platanusque cælebs evincet ulmos.*" (C. ii., 15, 4.) On page 56 the quotation from Horace is cited iv. 7, which should be IV., i. 7; and, moreover, "abi" is printed "ahi," which word it has been impossible for me to find. On page 30 two successive dactylic hexameter verses are quoted from Carm. I. 24, 19, which is an impossibility, for Carmen I. 24 consists of three lesser Asclepiadean verses and a Glyconic, and this collocation would be impossible for any carmen, as no carmen is written in two successive dactylic hexameters. The quotation should be Epist. I., iv. 13. On page 117 the quotation from Vergil, which should be *Æneid* ii. 307, is not cited with a reference, and in addition contains the inexcusable error, "*accipieno*," an impossibility in Latin, for "*accipiens*." Just here it may be remarked that many passages are quoted without citation, which necessarily detracts somewhat from the pleasure of reading such a book. On page 154, foot-note, "Servius," the well-known commentator on Vergil, has become "Serverus." On page 179 the Vergilian quotation is cited from the *Æneid*, but it is the familiar opening of the Fourth Eclogue. These examples, it is hoped, are sufficient to show in how slovenly a manner this part of the work has been done.

In passing to a consideration of the misprints, some of

which have been placed here out of sheer pity rather than under other headings, I may be pardoned for mentioning a slight matter of orthography. Every one has the privilege of selection, where the right to select exists, and so the translator may prefer "Virgil" to "Vergil" in English; but when it comes to Latin no one who has any pretensions to classical scholarship has the right to select "Virgilius" for "Vergilius," in view of the fact that in inscriptions the name is constantly spelled with "e." The same thing may be said of the invariable use of "j" for "i," another invention of the monks of the Middle Ages, and also of "c" for "t" in such words as "justiciam" (p. 88) for "iustitiam." It is impossible to call attention to all the misprints in this book, but it may not be amiss to give a few. On page 29, foot-note, we find "utili" for "utilis." On page 30, in the Horatian quotation, a period after "opaca" renders translation impossible, which is also true of the quotation on page 46. On page 35 "prælu-cit" is an impossible form for "præluceat." On page 36 I have been unable to verify "credas" as a variant for "dicas," and "adduction" may be French for "adductum," as it is certainly not Latin. On page 38 it would be a sin not to quote the verse entire:

Sint Mæcenates non deerent Flacce, Marones (Mart., viii., 56),

and also to quote the reading of the Teubner text—namely:

Sunt Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.

Martial seems to have fared almost as badly as Horace and Vergil, so far as the extracts are concerned, for on the very next page (38) he is represented as having committed the blunder of spelling "Flacco" with a small f and of using the impossible form "facerat" for "fecerat." On page 56 Horace's dear old "Plancus" becomes "Planeas." On page 124 reference is made to the twentieth "chapter" of the Iliad, which would be more familiar if "book" were substituted for "chapter," almost unheard of in English. It is a pity that any Greek was admitted into this book. There are only four Greek words in the whole book, and yet in some inexplicable

manner only seven errors are made — e. g., on page 130 *Ἀφροδίτη Αἰνείας* stands for *Ἀφροδίτη Αἰνείας* and on page 326 *κνυσσῆεν* is for *κνισῆεν*. On page 151 Jupiter appears as “Indigos,” instead of “Indiges,” and on the same page we confront an “orational” epic. On page 174 mention is made of Vergil, Homer, “Socrates,” and Plato as writers, which is an impossibility, since Socrates left no writings, and doubtless Sophokles is meant. On page 216, foot-note, “hiemen luxu quamlonga fovere” should be “hiemen luxu quam longa fovere.” On page 238, in the Latin quotation, “rerem” should be “rerum;” and “mili,” “mihi.” On page 247 an instance of very slovenly printing may be seen in the following sentence: “The sacred isle between Porto and Ostia has become a desert, where a few wild oxen graze, and which the traveler hardly dares to cross. was then a much-frequented, etc.”

On the map facing page 245 “via” is twice made of the neuter gender. In Latin it is customary for proper names and adjectives derived therefrom to begin with a capital, so that “italici” (p. 256) should begin with a capital I, and likewise “sabellicus” (p. 257) should have a capital S. On page 265 “Laurentum” has received an “i,” and on page 264 “Valerino” should be “Valerius.”

In the matter of proper names it is difficult to account for the translator’s peculiarities, unless they be due to crass ignorance of classical literature. Aulus Gellius appears regularly in the French costume of “Aulu-Gelle” (foot-note, p. 45), and Dionyssius is always “Denys” (p. 129, etc.); Xanthus is “Xanthe” (p. 90), and on the same page Achilles’ friend is “Petroclus.” Pythagoras becomes “Pythagorus” on page 202. Acestes is improperly written “Acestus” (p. 217) with almost pardonable persistency. On page 223 “hierodules” is not Greek, as is asserted, but is the French representative of the Greek *ιερόδοιοι*, and “Rutules” (p. 338) is almost unrecognizable to one unacquainted with French.

There are very many other mistakes in this book, but want of space forbids me from extending the list farther. It would

not have been so full as it is had not some previous notices of the work been absolutely misleading. How any one with any love for Horace and Vergil and any claim to scholarship can read this book and fail to be offended by the slovenly blunders that meet one on almost every other page is more than can easily be imagined.

CHARLES W. BAIN.

THE BIBLE IN A LITERARY GARB.

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

As we turn over the pages of the handy and neatly bound volumes of the "Modern Reader's Bible," edited by Dr. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, our thoughts involuntarily revert to Matthew Arnold and to the worthy effort which he made in his day to get the English public to read and study the Bible as literature. We can not but think that he would have thoroughly enjoyed and endorsed the present work, for it is a most successful attempt to edit the Bible as literature, and is based upon the belief that the natural interest in the sacred Scriptures is considerably impaired by the form in which they are presented. The division into chapters and verses has apparently tended to destroy the literary significance of the Bible, and the failure to distinguish between prose and poetry in the King James Version has still further obscured the great charm and beauty of Hebrew literature.

Dr. Moulton's work is so arranged that each book of the Bible is published in separate form, so as to preserve its individuality, as well as to distinguish the different kinds of literature represented. For purpose of convenience, the Old Testament has been divided into three series—to wit: the "Wisdom Series," in six volumes, comprising Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, Ecclesiastes (Wisdom of Solomon), the Book of Job, Deuteronomy, Biblical Idyls; the "History Series," in five volumes, comprising Genesis, the Exodus, the Judges, the Kings, the Chronicles; and the "Prophecy Series," in four